THE TRACK RECORD

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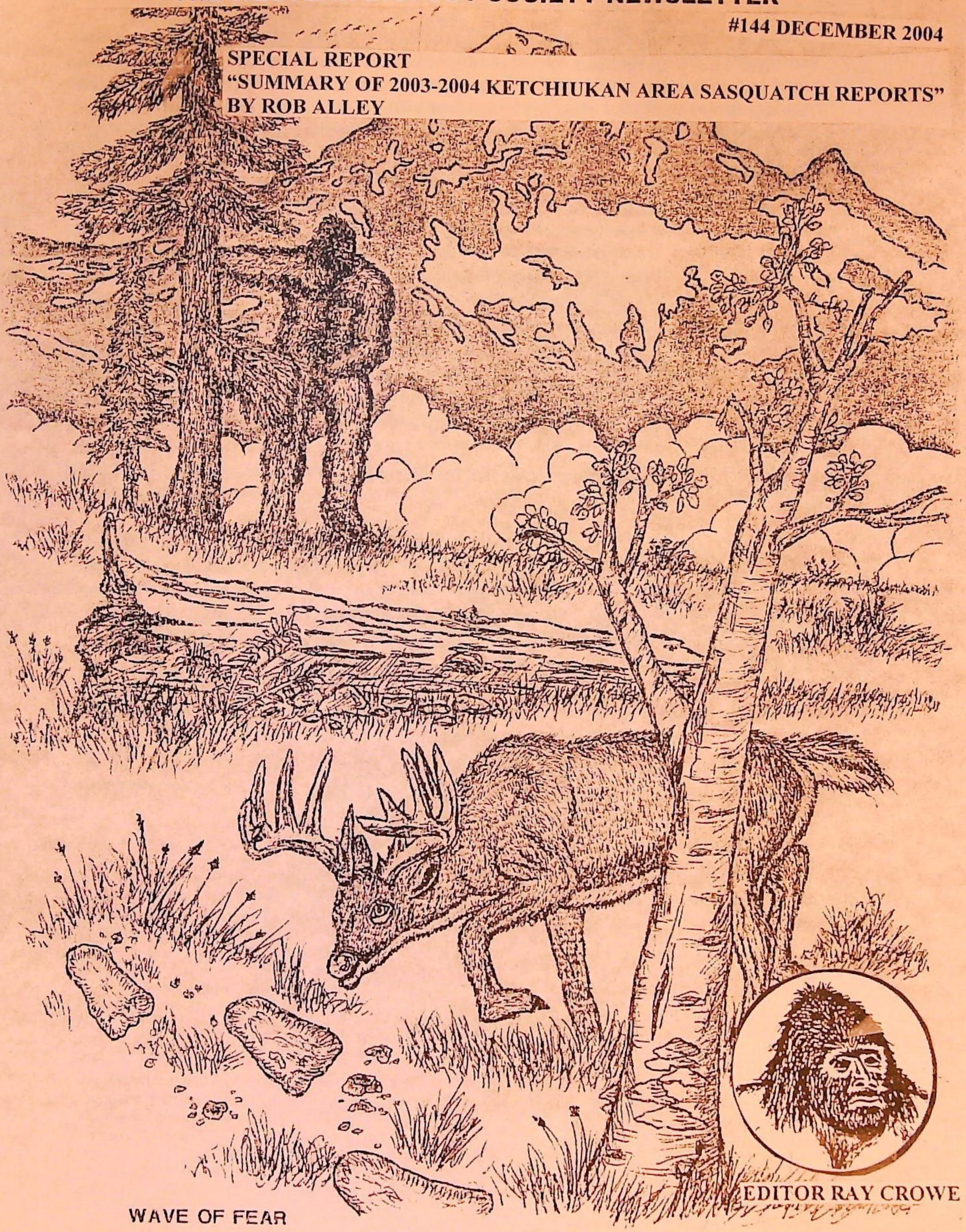
SPECIAL REPORT
"SUMMARY OF 2003-2004 KETCHIUKAN AREA SASQUATCH REPORTS"
BY ROB ALLEY



EDITOR RAY CROWE

WAVE OF FEAR

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Dear Mr Crowe,

I want to tell you about Skyline Road.
I was born in Portland Oregon, and lived there for fourteen years.
In 1943 , I was a twelve year old girl. I went to visit my cousins, who lived near Skyline road. We had a job picking strawberries.

The berry patch was next to a forest of pine trees. All of us kids would go down the rows, filling our boxes with strawberries.We all were Talking and laugning, while picking berries.

I glanced up, and I saw a Gorilla , standing under the trees, watching us. It was a wheat color. I looked again and it was gone. This was before Big Foots. I thougnt, Gorillas should be in Zoos ! I never told anyone. It just didn't make any sense.

It makes a lot of sense to me now. We know that Sasquatchs are fond of berries, and they are attracted to groups of children!

I saw in the Track Record, # 133 on page three, a reported sighting of a hairy creature crossing Skyline and Germantown road. I thought you would like to know of anotner signting near Skyline Rd.

I have been reading The Track Record, since 2001, and save every copy, which I am thankfull for. I hope you are fine, and wish you well.

Thankfully Yours,

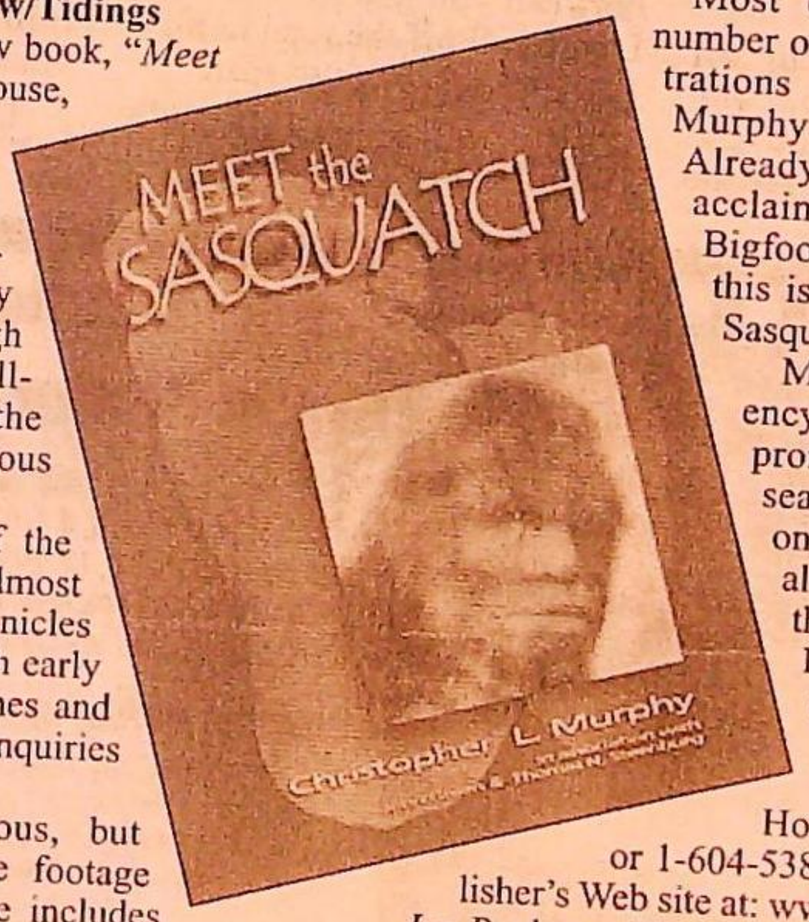
An Old Oregonian

Lake Oswego Review/West Linn Tidings, OR, August 19, 2004

Meet the Saquatch proves to be 'a fun and colorful read'

By JOE BEELART
For the Review/Tidings

Christopher Murphy's new book, "*Meet the Sasquatch*," (Hancock House, Surrey, B.C., 239 profusely illustrated pages, $29.95 soft cover) is almost unbelievable, not because of the subject, but because of Murphy and his associates' thorough and exceptionally well-researched treatment of the Pacific Northwest's mysterious legend.



This book is a history of the men and women who have almost proved Bigfoot real. He chronicles First Nation references through early white records into modern times and even includes official Russian inquiries into their "snowman."

Murphy details the famous, but often-maligned Bigfoot movie footage from Northwest California. He includes expert commentary on thousands of footprints, which are the most frequent evidence of Sasquatch. And, he addresses hoaxes and fabrications.

Most enjoyable are the vast number of graphs, drawings, illustrations and photographs that Murphy has pulled together. Already, Murphy's work is acclaimed a classic of the Bigfoot genre. For most people this is the book to own about Sasquatch.

Murphy's book can't be encyclopedic, so some prominent Bigfoot researchers are mentioned only in passing, or not at all. With that exception, the book feels complete. It's a fun and colorful read.

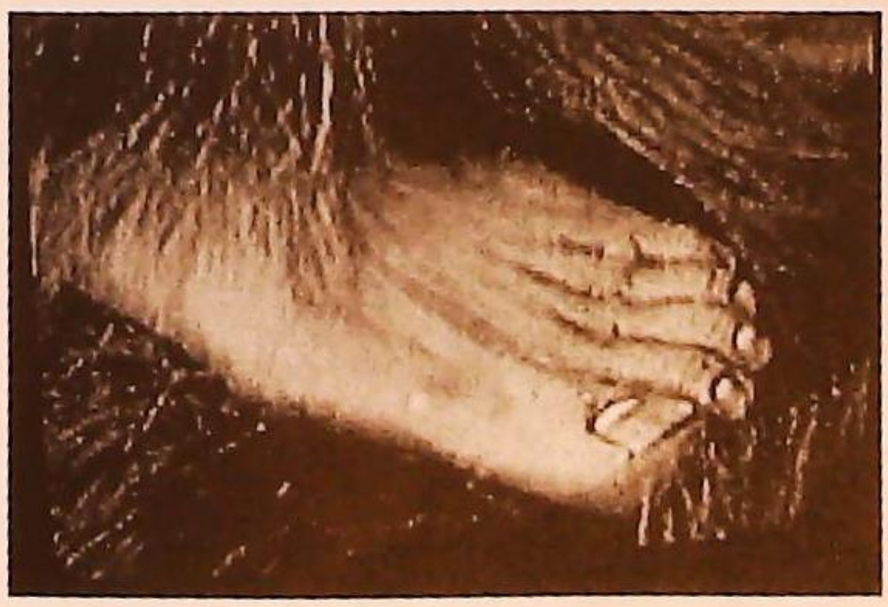
To purchase the book, call Hancock House: 1-800-938-1114 or 1-604-538-1114, or see the publisher's Web site at: www.hancockhouse.com.

Joe Beelart of West Linn has spent more than a decade wandering Pacific Northwest mountains searching for "Our Barefoot Friends." He isn't mentioned in Murphy's book.

this mystery man.) Denise looked at William DeHollander and rolled her eyes and said you must be talking about Bob Heironimus. Denise went on to tell William that her husband (Neil), Bob Heironimus, and Barry Woodard use to sit around at her house and drink and tell stories. Denise had heard the guys laughing and going on how funny it would be if Heironimus told everyone that he was the guy in a monkey suit in the Bigfoot film that Roger Patterson shot in Northern California. They talked about how much they could sell such a story to the "Sun" newspaper for. The Sun is a type of tabloid newspaper and the price Denise remembered them talking about getting was $50,000. DeHollander placed the time of Denise telling him about Heironimus at nine years ago. Denise's story truly explains why Heironimus wanted to discuss talking to his lawyer before doing an interview with Greg Long. When Long first talked to Heironimus, Bob had told him that he had nothing to do with Patterson and Gimlin's Bigfoot film. It was only after Long opened the door about there being a Bigfoot documentary Patterson was said to have been making prior to the Bluff Creek footage that Heironimus was willing to consider talking to Long and only after Bob consulted his attorney *(Barry Woodard)* who happened to be one of the men at Denise Coffey's house when all the talk about making up a story to sell the Sun had been taking place. It seems to me that Greg Long's first hunch about Bob Herionimus was correct. Long writes about his first contact with Heironimus on page 152, "When I finished, I concluded that I didn't believe Bob Heironimus ..."

I could go on and on about the mistakes Long made in his so-called investigation and the inconsistencies in the things he alleged was evidence proving that the Patterson/Gimlin film was a hoax, but how far does one have to go to show that Long's investigation was a sham. When Morris mentioned there being a line on the subjects back in the Patterson/Gimlin film and suggested to Long that this was his zipper line on the suit, Long never said a word about his star "Heironimus" saying that the suit he wore had no zippers or buckles. Instead, Greg Long brings Kal Korff's name up once again when Morris mentioned that the feet he made for his suits didn't match the toe pattern on the foot seen on the film. Morris is correct - his fake foot did not look anything like the Patterson creature's foot. Below is the Morris costume foot.

Morris costume foot



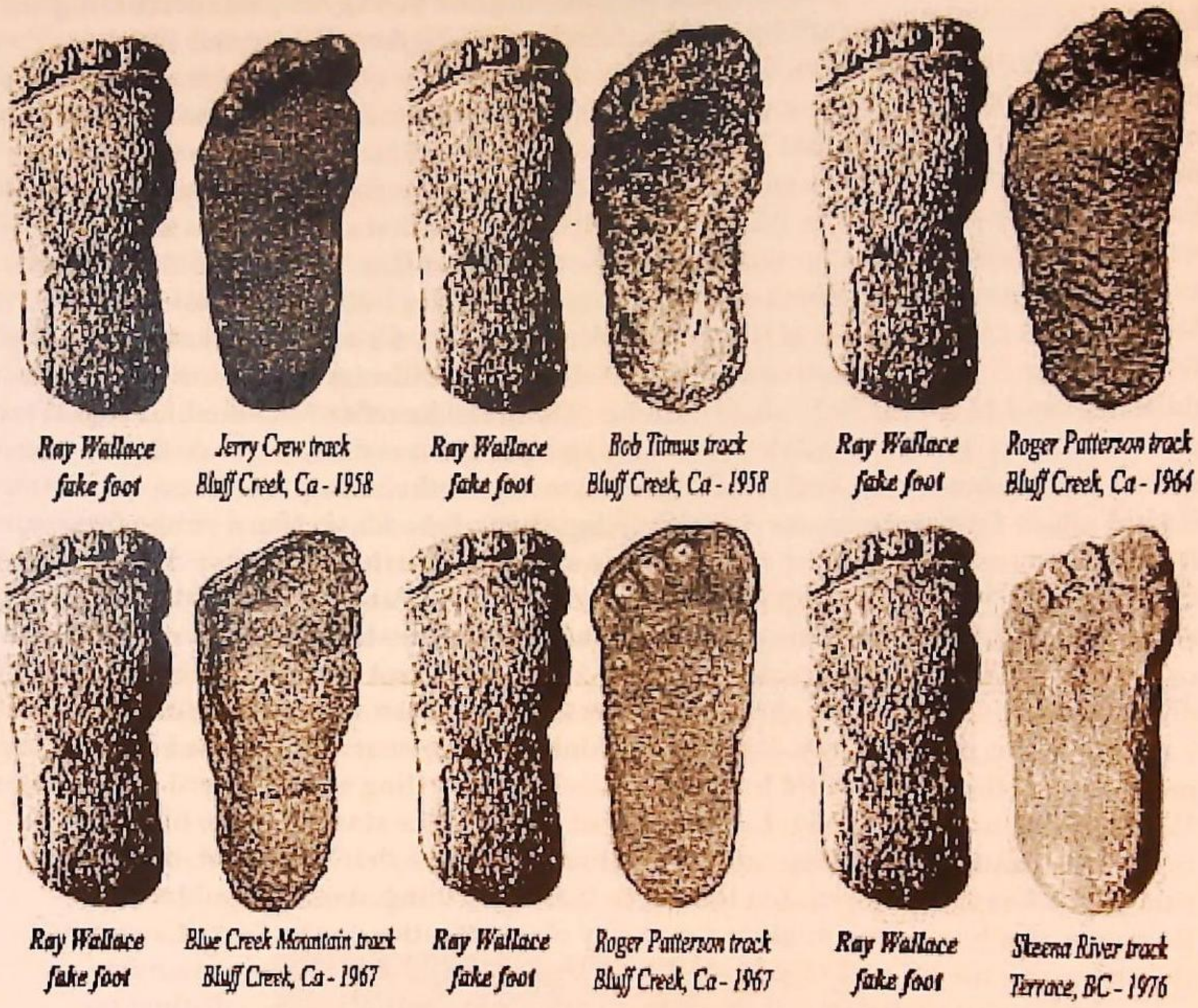
What Long then did was draw from what Morris had said and then told the reader about Kal Korff saying in the "World's Greatest Hoaxes:Secrets Finally Revealed" that the feet on the Patterson creature do not match the tracks seen on the film site. What Morris was talking about had nothing to do with the tracks left behind at the Patterson/Gimlin film site. I might also add that Korff in typical fashion didn't know what he was talking about concerning the tracks because he didn't know the evidence well enough to speak intelligently about it. Korff didn't take into consideration that the reflective angle to the foot in the Patterson film, which is in motion and blurred most of the time, will effect on how it is seen. Korff never considered that a heavily padded foot will expand when all that massive weight of the animal comes down on it, thus altering its shape from what it looked like while lifted into the air with a zero amount of weight on it. But this is Kal Korff we are talking about. This is the same Kal Korff who mentioned the line running down the creature's back in the Bluff Creek film had to be a zipper because animals do not have such lines as this on their backs. Much in the same way Korff told people that the little girl in the Zapruder film was wearing pants when anyone looking at her bare legs can see this wasn't so, anyone who would take a moment to do a Internet search for photos of a gorilla would see that they also have the same type of line running up and down on their backs, as well. The well developed *'erector spinea muscles'* become so overly developed on a gorilla that it makes the shadowed depression of their spinal line stand out. Body builders have accomplished the same look. Below is a photograph that I took of a male gorilla. Only the great investigator Kal Korff would have made such a ridiculous claim about the line on the creatures back without bothering to check his facts first. Like with the Kennedy Assassination that Korff claims to have solved single handedly, he's shown us that he used the same sloppy research practices to declare that the Patterson/Gimlin film was a hoax!

Male gorilla with well developed erector spinae muscles,
thus forming a dark shaded line down the center of it's back

If anyone still has any doubt as to Long's motive and they think that he wasn't on a witch hunt from the very beginning, let me share just one more thing worth your consideration. On page 442, Greg Long wrote about the death of Ray Wallace.

Wallace owned a construction company that was involved in building a road in Northern California in the late 50's. Long reminds us that it was Jerry Crew who was the bulldozer operator for Wallace who had found giant tracks on the ground around Wallace's construction equipment. Long goes on to tell the reader how after Ray died, the Wallace family told how Ray would go around pulling pranks on people by wearing some wooden fake feet carvings he had in his possession. Greg Long ends the Wallace story by saying, *"And so the Bigfoot film legend, which enjoyed a long and lively run, is now completely dead."* In typical fashion, Greg Long didn't even bother to check any of the basic facts surrounding the actual subject matter. I have to assume that Long never knew that because such large tracks were being found on the Wallace construction site, Ray was reported to be having trouble keeping workers on the job. Maybe I should point out that construction company's work on a deadline and it makes little sense to me that Ray Wallace would want to sabotage his own living. Furthermore, Greg Long never bothered to look at the Wallace foot carving to see if it even matched the Jerry Crew tracks that were being found on the Wallace construction site. Well, I am here to say that some of us have done this and to give Ray Wallace and his family the benefit of the doubt, I scaled each and every known available foot casting equally on my computer so they would all have the same length and width dimensions and I then compared them to the Ray Wallace fake wooden carving. Knowing that a fake foot is like a rubber stamp, it should be easy to see if any of the known right foot castings from Northern California showed the same toe pattern as the fake Wallace carving of the same right foot. I did a side by side comparison of each foot casting and I offer six of those comparisons here for everyone's viewing. Any laymen can see the obvious differences and Greg Long should have been no exception to the rule, but first he had to want to look at them. One would think that someone claiming to be only interested in the truth would have done this before writing a single word about Ray Wallace, but not Greg Long. Long accepted the Wallace story because like with the tale Heironimus told – Greg not only wanted to believe that the Patterson/Gimlin film was a hoax, but he wanted to believe that everything about the subject of Bigfoot was a hoax. One might want to pay close attention to the Jerry Crew track that the news media had said started it all as a result of Ray Wallace stomping around his construction site in his fake wooden carvings. There is a distinct toe pattern on the Wallace wooden carving that you will not find on any of the known Northern California Bigfoot cast in existence today. I say shame on the Wallace family and shame on those who blindly accepted the notion that Ray Wallace was the cause of the Bigfoot tracks being found in the Northwest in the late 50's and through the 60's without so much as even first looking at the evidence.

The Ray Wallace foot carving compared to Bigfoot track castings made in Northern California and BC



Ray Wallace fake foot

Jerry Crew track Bluff Creek, Ca - 1958

Ray Wallace fake foot

Bob Titmus track Bluff Creek, Ca - 1958

Ray Wallace fake foot

Roger Patterson track Bluff Creek, Ca - 1964

Ray Wallace fake foot

Blue Creek Mountain track Bluff Creek, Ca - 1967

Ray Wallace fake foot

Roger Patterson track Bluff Creek, Ca - 1967

Ray Wallace fake foot

Skeena River track Terrace, BC - 1976

Greg Long apparently heard only what he wanted to hear and ignored many of the inconsistencies in his witness's story in order to validate in his mind that Bob Heironimus was being honest about the things he had said. I end this article by passing on a saying that best fits the short comings of the Greg Long book and his investigation. This particular saying comes from a long time Bigfoot investigator and friend named Rene Dahinden who has since passed on, but had left some valuable advice behind.

"Everyone has a right to their own opinion, but no one has a right to be wrong about the facts. Without the facts, your opinion is of no value." Rene Dahinden, August 1999

SUMMARY OF 2003-2004 KETCHIKAN AREA SASQUATCH REPORTS

RCVD 8/17/04

From: J. Robert Alley, Ketchikan, Alaska.

On 3/11/04 Eric Sievertson, Ketchikan, Alaska, passed on the following account of a strange nest from a relative, Mike Sievertson who had been logging at Chomdeley Sound, P.O.W. (Prince of Wales) Island in 2003, of the discovery of a cave, (perhaps already known to USFS archaeologists) near the head of South(?)Arm, Chomdeley Sound. Mike had mentioned that he and a friend had discovered a short horizontal cave with a bed made of still-fresh moss inside the entrance, that didn't appear to have been made by a bear. The cave also had a vertical shaft just beyond the nest, some 300 feet deep.

Mike also reported a sasquatch sighting by a man he had spoken with, who told him that around 1995 he had been standing near a rock quarry on Revilla Rd., Revilla Is., and looked up into the alders and saw a big dark-furred upright creature, "not a bear." The man had been so startled he ran backwards and fell down. No month or details given.

Don Atkinson, commercial Ketchikan fisherman, reported on 3/12/04 that he had certainly been surprised in Dec. of 1991 while fall hunting on the west side of Moth Bay east of Point Alava by a sasquatch-like creature. Don stated, "My partner and I had anchored and set up on the northwest side of the bay, and had split up to hunt toward the old mine site there. I was not far south of the old mine in some thick hemlock, when I heard a sound to my left and looked over my shoulder. It was a black, hairy, humanlike face, framed in the huckleberry bushes, a hairy man, at least six feet tall, just looking at me. His eyes were level with mine. I stopped and stared. It just stared back. We just stood there staring at each other for about ten seconds, then it moved back, the bushes closed and it was gone. My partner and I joined up and I asked him if he'd seen anything...he said no.. and we finished up our hunting and headed back. That was the only time I've seen one of those things."

Jim Greeno, a driller and blaster who has built logging road over many years in southeast Alaska, told a friend Ronnie Demmert, a commercial Ketchikan fisherman, the following story about sasquatches, in which he stated he had been lucky enough to "see them quite a lot" in southeast while working alone at the head of new logging roads. Ron said, "He told me that a couple of summers ago he had been running a drill up near Red Bay, on the north end of P.O.W. (Prince of Wales) Is. at a roadhead, and had finished a day's drilling at a blasting site and had just shut down his drill, when he happened to look up. 'About fifteen feet away' he said, 'there was this thing watching me, kind of like a man, but covered all over its body with dark hair. He was just watching me. It seemed to me like he had been there a while without me noticing me, even with the drill going! The strangest thing about him I noticed before he took off just then was the hair on his face. The hair around his mouth was white and in a pattern like a fu-manchu.'

Don Atkinson, Ketchikan, also added (3/12/04) an interesting report of an unusual vocalization he had heard "at least twenty or so years ago" while clamming at low tide one summer at Gem Cove, east side of George Inlet, south Revilla Island. George Davis, Mike Sholton, Rod Petotska (sp?), Ron Guthrie and I had been clamming the east side of the cove mud flats, near the mouth of a creek that comes down there, and for some reason, some of the guys were joking about "kooshtakaas." It was mid-day, bright out. Just then this really loud call came at us out of the forest from across the cove. It started out rising up kind of like an elk call, except we don't have any elk here, and ended off kind of like a loon-call. It was about ten seconds long. Everybody stopped clamming. We were the only boat there. The guys all just started casually moving toward the boat, you know, like a magnet, and we left. It was like we had all the clams we needed. Nobody cracked any more 'kooshtakaa jokes."

In January, 2004,a friend of mine, Jim, who is a commercial Ketchikan hunting and fishing guide, reported an unusual pair of vocalizations that had puzzled him at Fish Creek (Gocatchin Creek) at the head of Thorne Arm, 40 miles east of Ketchikan on southern Revilla Island the first week in August, 2003. Jim had taken some time off with friends to catch some steelhead and hunt deer at the same time, on his boat. Jim had arranged to leave his friends to drop

him at the mouth of the creek so that he could hike several miles upstream, fish and "blow call' for deer at the same time, while they took the boat back down the arm and around to Point Alava for a day's hunting. Jim said,

"I had got up to the outlet of Gocatchin Lake, and around noon had a good steelhead to clean, so I thought I'd load the .243 and blow the deer call. I blew a call with the rifle ready and right away, I heard a call answer me back, it sounded like a deer call too at first, but then the thing changed into a sound like...a chatter just like a turkey gobbling! Well, my first thought was... 'There's nobody but me up here...Somebody must be playing a trick on me...How did those guys get past me?' I had my fish and knew that it couldn't have been a deer, so I headed back on down the trail to salt water, kind of expecting the boat to be at the buoy or anchored nearby. But when I got there, I looked and there was the boat, down the arm, just coming back up!"

"Well, that would have been strange enough, but later something else happened. We were anchored near the cabin, no one was there, but we were all sleeping on the boat anyway. It was sometime after midnight, and I had come out of the cabin to answer a call, rather than step on somebody to use the head, and I had kept my headlight off coming up for the same reason, until I had got outside with the door closed. I was looking at the shore about 100 yards. away as I stood on the deck and had just turned my headlamp on, when right away a call just like the other came out from the forest above the shore. It was the same exact kind of call... like a deer call at first, coupled together with the gobbling chatter at the end. It didn't call again, and that was the only time in my life I've ever heard anything like it. I can't tell you what it was, but it was loud, long, seven to nine seconds maybe, and weird."

Debbie Karlson, a friend from Ketchikan, who formerly fished commercially out of Craig (west coast of Prince of Wales Island) in, reported seeing something like a sasquatch near there in the mid-1990's. We were on our way back to Craig one day, and it was standing on the shore while we passed by on the boat. "It was broad daylight, not cold at all" she stated, "and it was amazing to me to see this dark figure standing on the shore, apparently watching us. It was

about 9 feet tall, and had broad shoulders and long legs, not like a bear at all."

Author Thomas Powell, a Portland science teacher and serious sasquatch researcher, has recently written an intriguing book on the subject of sasquatches entitled "The Locals," (Hancock House, 2003) Powell and others he mentions, have investigated a small but surprising number of reports that deal with people, usually living at the edge of a forest who having deliberately or unwittingly attracted nocturnal visits from sasquatches. In the majority of cases food handouts were involved, and the visits were not bothersome, just the source of immense family entertainment.

Feeding sasquatches from the back porch may not be the best idea, but a senior Ketchikan woman described to me almost that, in an account given 3/4/04. "Jane" told me that as a girl she would spend summers berry-picking camped northwest of Ketchikan at Connell Lake, just downstream from the present dam, and "feed the kushtakaas." She recounted how, in the 1930's, they "would hang out food in the trees where bears could not climb out or reach up, about twelve feet up and well away from the trunk, suspended from a limb on some cord. In the night, summer after summer, night after night, the kushtakaas would come and get the food left out for them. They would never bother us," she said, "they would take whatever we left and leave us alone.' Sometimes you could see signs that they had come, but it was something my native grandmother believed that they understood we meant them no harm. They were quiet, but you could tell in the morning they had been there. We believed then, and I still do, if you leave them alone, they'll leave you alone."

A Ketchikan man recently shared a (third-hand...scepticals on please!) story that a friend had allegedly heard from four helicopter loggers in Craig, P.O.W. Island in the summer of 1991. "The friend was one of a group greeting the pilot, co-pilot and hook-tenders who had been finishing some select logging on the back (south side) of Sunnahae mountain, just southwest of Craig. They said they had just seen something incredible. They had been flying along an area they had just finished logging and looking down along an open area up along where an open area met the trees, they saw three hair-covered figures running. The first was a small figure, less than five

feet, “running like mad, and behind it was larger female, clearly seen by its shape. Then, a little ways behind it was this even larger, male, and it was running then stopping, waving at the others like it was trying to get them to come back!” The crew lost sight of them in the trees and didn’t see them again as they circled back overhead.”

I have tried to locate the crew, but it seems that the pilot and co-pilot later may have died in a crash logging on Dall Island, and I have been unable to locate the other members. Quite a fantastic story, if true, but not an unlikely scenario if a youngster were to panic on hearing a twin-rotor work helicopter passing just overhead, or for a mother to chase her offspring, or even a father to try to act in what he might feel to be a more cautious perhaps even “reasoned” manner in the face of such a startling event. More than four people I know have heard this story on Prince of Wales Island in the early 1990’s and lend credence to it. Anecdotes of this sort are not *typically* reported here in Alaska, and it would be difficult to say, even were it verifiable, how typical of sasquatch behavior they might be. It does cause one to wonder if hiding from man, and sitting still when surprised, is not the stratagem that might teach sasquatches to remain quite undetected in their own environment.

In November, 2003, Bob James, Ketchikan, told me that one day in October that year, Bob, with relatives Leo and Harvey, were deer hunting by a muskeg at the south end of Judy Hill, Gravina Island, a half mile northwest of Black Sands Beach. They had spaced themselves out so to speak, in a triangle 100 yds. apart, all back to back, to blow deer call but remain within sight of each other, Bob said. He said Harvey had signaled Leo that something had been moving behind him, and they gathered afterwards to discuss it. Harvey said it had been a dark brown or black upright figure about 100 yards. back behind Leo, and it had been watching Leo, apparently crouching as it appeared to be stalking him for up to a minute. The figure had become alarmed and moved off when Harvey started gesturing, Bob said. Bob described and sketched a 14 inch narrow track with five toes that the men found where Harvey said the creature had been crouching, but no other sign. Their trip concluded without collecting any game.

I did not follow up this report for various reasons, but did obtain a report from Ketchikan hunter Gus Gustaffsson in May, 2004. A mutual pilot friend had told me that while Gus had finished servicing his plane, Gus shared a peculiar experience that he also had hunting at Judy Hill, south Gravina Island. He was not acquainted with the three men whose story precedes his, he told me, but in an interview with me he stated:

"I had been blowing (a deer) call at a pond at the bottom of Judy Hill last October, near the southeast end of a muskeg that kind of parallels the Bostwick Inlet shoreline, and was thinking 'I'm facing away from the wind, and'll have to work around this marshy area…' when I heard a twig snap in the bush on the right, toward Judy Hill, I thought. I looked right, but saw nothing and took a glance to the left…nothing. Then something back across the marshy area toward The slope of Judy hill caught my eye. It was a dark upright shape, about man-sized, and it was moving fast through the salmonberries, and in an instant was gone into the forest. It wasn't a bear, and it wasn't another hunter, I was hunting alone in there that day. I would have to say that would have to have been something like what they call a sasquatch or 'kushtakaa.' It wasn't another man or any bear, that's certain. I didn't get any deer in there either, I was kind of surprised."

Jessie Strickling, Ketchikan, recounted a five-toed track he and several others had seen near the outlet stream at Mahoney Lake north of Ketchikan on Revilla Island, in July, 2003. While at a summer camp there, Jesse had been helping dispose of a pile of fish guts on that day, and in sand beside Mahoney Creek he and a friend found two or three tracks, one with a pronounced hollow curve to the inside of the foot. In a sketch he drew of the foot in May, 2004, the width at the ball is about four and a half inches, and three and a half at the heel. It is not very narrow at the heel. There are five toes, the first being the largest and foremost, even though the front half of the foot is bent inwards about thirty degrees. Jessie said the clearest track was about an inch deep and that there were no claw marks. His track was less than half that. "We didn't see anything, but I got an uneasy feeling there. I can't say why…" There is also a previous Mahoney report I documented from the late Ketchikan mill worker Harold

Ohmacht, of a curious nest in an abandoned cave at Mahoney Mine, dating from the1970's. A casual comment was given me in 2003 by a logging camp summer watchman who worked at Mahoney in the summer of 2002, clearing a right-of-way. His comment was "Whatever those things were at Mahoney, screamed at me almost every night all summer long, I'm never going back... I don't ever want to see 'em, screamin' and smashin' things at night... If you're gonna tell me they was screech owls, then they was the biggest goddam screech owls you're ever gonna hear!" Mahoney lake is privately owned by a native corporation, and kept in a beautiful, pristine condition, without permanent dwellings. The area comprises alpine , hudsonian and coastal temperate rainforest with sitka blacktail deer, bear, sockeye and other salmon species, and numerous other species of wildlife abound there. The local ecological diversity make it a prime area for natives who maintain strong traditional subsistence practices. Big coastal brown bears are not historically resident on Revilla Island, but surprise locals by appearing there practically every year, one recently just up the inlet from Mahoney Lake. Perhaps the field guides need to be revised regarding large, solitary mammals.

The following is not a sasquatch sighting report, it is perhaps interesting... a mineral exploration worker looking for titanium named Williamson reported on 7/04/04 that in late May or early June, 2004 near his camp on Cleveland Peninsula at (location not disclosed) Cove west of Revilla Island he had surprised what he at first took for a bear in the rocks and bushes below, but having heard plenty of bears, he was surprised by the loud, drawn-out moans that issued from the bush.

"I heard something calling out in the rocks and bush just 40 yards below me. I didn't see it but at first thought it might be a bear. The calls were kind of like a 'Ooohh...OOOOHHH...OOOOOHHH,' Williamson stated. Both Williamson and this investigator have heard bears make a moaning sound, the kind cubs often make, only deeper, but when Williamson reproduced the calls he heard, they sounded as though the volume and pitch were being modulated, as in the human voice. "It just didn't sound like any kind of bear at all, and left me wondering. I didn't hear or see anything else at the time, but there's

lots of deer and black bear over there and it didn't sound like anything I'm familiar with… I just wondered if it could maybe be related to the whole sasquatch/wild man thing." An inconclusive report, but interesting.

In June, 2004 Joseph Sanderson, a Hydaburg junior high school student, related an interesting account of fiber samples above a human-shaped footprint on Prince of Wales Island in the spring of 2004. In Joseph's own words…

"We were on a class hike, it was a Thursday, late April, and we were on the Soda Creek trail, 15 miles north of Hydaburg, off the highway, a little over half way to Soda Bay. We had gone about two and a half miles, past the series of up and down muskegs, and had come to the end of the boardwalk. I was ahead on the trail and right there at the end of the boardwalk came to a cedar tree that was leaning over the trail to the right. It sloped up from the left so that I had to duck my head down a bit to get under it. Right under the tree was a bare foot track, about 13" long, with five toes in wet mud. I thought 'What the heck?' so I looked around and up on a branch of the log, just over my head was a bunch of dark things that looked like hair to me, so I waited a couple of minutes for my teacher, who was coming up the trail and I told him to come over. He saw the footprint too, and I said, "Look up in the tree…" and he saw the hair, collected most of it.

The tracks were in wet mud and looked about anywhere from a couple of weeks to a couple months old. It had been raining a lot. The other students went looking for hair too and found another branch right nearby with more hair."

At this point I asked Joseph , who is 5'9" and 140 lb. to show me what the track looked like relative to his bare size 10&1/2 feet. He obliged and indicated the track was about 13" with the first toe being only slightly larger but even with the second toe, the other toes arching back only slightly. "The heel seemed wider than a human's," he said. A sketch showed a fairly flat foot, with no real arch. Asking him to produce me a sketch of a bear's hind track as he was familiar with them, he did so, drawing an 8 &1/2" track with a narrow heel and

toes aligned in the correct parabolic pattern for a bear." (There are no brown bear to make such a large track on P.O.W. Island)

I have forwarded a sample of black fiber, 3 1/2 " long, provided by Joseph Sanderson, to Dr. Henner Fahrenbach, Beaverton, after surmising with Ketchikan ADFG and USFS biologists that it was not bear hair.. Dr. Fahrenbach quickly informed me it was plant fiber… I have gone back to the botanists at USFS, but my suspicion is that the hair-loooking fibers are those of Horsehair lichen, genus Bryoria. I just didn't know Bryoria could be so straight and long (3") without showing the lateral cross-branching that connects it to other parallel strands. Maybe hair deteriorates faster in the rainforest, perhaps there is some difference in species and there are no samples of Alaskan cryptohominid hair. Or perhaps it's just "Horsehair lichen"…(not to be confused with "Old Man's Beard" which also hangs on trees.

"We didn't see or hear anything else unusual on the trip," Joseph concluded. When I asked him, "What was your gut reaction when you saw the track…did you think maybe it could have been a bear.." he just responded rather quietly, "No, I've seen 2 or 3 more tracks like that one before …" Joseph provided the following track report…

"At Harris River, last summer (2003), Mother's Day, between Harris River Campground and the Harris River, a friend and I had been following the creek that goes into Harris River there, it kind of loops around through the trees. There was another track about thirteen inches along the creek, in hard packed sand that showed five toes and the same shape. The track was about 1" deep in the sand" When I asked him how deep his 140 lbs. imprinted, he replied…"Mine hardly showed at all…There were one or two more tracks nearby in the sand, too big for a bear, but not as good as the first."

Both Soda Creek and Harris River areas are the locations of several previous sightings. While several years ago two Hydaburg men reported a sasquatch crossing the Hydaburg Highway at Trocadero Creek, not too many miles from Soda Creek, old Hydaburg residents recall, "the Gagiit (Haida 'wild man') used to be seen regularly around mile 13 (from Hydaburg), now they are seen other

places closer in. A 2004 nighttime sighting by a woman right in Hydaburg was reported on the BFRO recently, along with a previous report just outside of town.

Harris River Bridge, on the Hydaburg Road near the junction with the cross-island Hollis-Klawock highway, was the alleged scene of a startling 2001 report, given me second hand by a Klawock acquaintance. She stated then that her younger brother had been driving that summer with his girlfriend at the time, and was on his way from Hydaburg to Klawock one sunny morning. It was about 10:00 am, and they had stopped right on the bridge for what appeared to be, inexplicably, a 9 foot log that was lying across the blacktop on the bridge. "When they had come to a full stop just a few feet away," she said, " The 'log' stood up to show the figure of a giant hair-covered creature, dark brown, maybe black, with its arms out stretched. The arms stretched a good nine feet, palms towards us. It just stood in the middle of the road for a second like that, and then the strangest thing, he said," her eyebrows going up as she recounted her brothers story, "was he said it jumped into the river! He said it just jumped right over the guard-railing fifteen feet into the river! That was it for my brother and his girlfriend, they took off after that!" I have been unable to obtain any follow up on this second hand report, and have not been able to contact the brother, who may wish confidentiality, or perhaps simply is not ready to relive the moment. If that's the case, then I'm not sure I blame him, but will endeavor to follow up with an interview if the man will come forward. What is interesting however, is that this 2001 second hand story is located only 250 yards. from the 13" track just reported in 2004 by Joseph Sanderson. The sizes don't match at all, but numerous reports along the Klawock Lake-Harris River stretch of highway suggest the ongoing presence of several generations of sasquatches, including a report from Craig residents Bert Colgrove and his wife. In 2003 they reported driving past a tall sasquatch with what appeared to be a mane, at night beside the highway near the south end of Klawock Lake. Could this perhaps be a female, the bridge sighting that of a male, the creek tracks those of an adolescent?

White River, 25 miles north of Ketchikan was the scene of an unusual vocalization on August 6th, 2004, which might easily be ascribed to a sasquatch. Reported by Gladys Natkong of Saxman,

Revilla Island on August 9, 2004, it was heard by Gladys and her husband between 7:45 and 8:00 pm on the evening of Aug. 6th. The couple had been fishing with their son below the second bridge that crosses White River as one travels northward along the river, up a gated native tribal road that parallels the river. Approximately 12 to 15 people had been parked and fishing near the bridge during the day and Gladys and her family had stayed to fish for salmon and trout into the evening. In Gladys' words:

"I had gone ahead of my husband to fish at the bottom of a steep bank some thirty feet high and was fishing there while I waited for him to come down. Our son was fishing just above us off the bridge. We had been fishing around the bridge for about an hour and a half, the light was just beginning to go when we heard a series of sounds like people muttering, it almost sounded like talk at first. I wondered if it could be a bear making the sound, it came from the forest across the bank. My husband and I didn't think it was a bear although there had been a number of bears seen around the fishing spots earlier that day. We were alone at the spot, the others in our family group were all upstream. Then after just a few minutes of the strange sounds, it changed into what sounded like an express train! We didn't see anything, but the loud sounds continued until we got back up the rocky bank and onto the trail to the bridge. The loud sounds were drawn out like the horn of a train, it was kind of like a yell and a moan all in one. It was funny the were no bear tracks... the places along the bank that were sandy didn't show anything but people and dog tracks. I don't think we'll pick that spot first off the next time we go fishing. Bears are one thing, we've fished with them around and you can get use to seeing them while you're fishing, but those sounds were pretty unnerving." I managed to get a key to the gate on 08/12/04 (four days after) and slid down through the Devil's club and prowled the stream for several hundred yards around the bridge, but found nothing but bear scat and tracks The scat was ample and ubiquitous, comprising both huckleberry, blueberries judging by the undigested stems and sockeye. One partially consumed carcass of a sockeye was noted, as were sockeye swimming in clear pools. A fat 400 lb. black bear was on the road a mile south as I drove home. I was met on the way out by a security guard I didn't know who seemed to know me, addressed me by name and almost as though he had been expecting me, said he was sorry,

but unless I had a note from the Board of the native corporation, I would have to go right away. This was very new policy I have just heard, the guard said it was to protect the fish stocks for the busloads of fly-fishing tourists that the native corporation brings to the river each day. I only had a camera! ('not going to hook too many sockeye with that rig!) Perhaps the board doesn't wish to have events made known. Curiously, about two weeks ago, I heard from a friend who gets to sit in on the board meetings occasionally that "north of Saxman somewhere" (everything's north of Saxman!) "there had been types of vandalism and so forth on tribal land that needed to be kept quiet, and no external agencies were to be involved."

The louder vocalizations described by the witness are fairly typical for behavior Dr. John Bindernagel describes as part of a threat display, where sasquatches try (usually quite successfully) to intimidate a human or predator within their immediate location. Gorillas use much the same behavior in similar situations, and although we don't really care to admit it, so occasionally do humans. Lower volume vocalizations are sometimes suggested to be communication between two or more sasquatches, and are reported in tranquil situations where individual sasquatches apparently do not perceive any threat. In many cases where loud screams yells or roars have been reportedly attributed to a sasquatch, observed or otherwise, they aren't usually reported as having a little conference about it first. Perhaps there were several sasquatches quietly waking up for the night across from the woman's fishing spot. Undisturbed until rising and seeing the silent fisherwoman, a juvenile sasquatch may have just been "waking mom up to tell her what was in the front yard," and the louder volumes representing something like, "Hey you! Get out of my kitchen! This is my shift! Beat it!" One sasquatch feeling merely uneasy or perhaps somewhat concerned with a nearby human might however, start a display with "mutterings of discontent" as it were, and as its level of anxiety were heightened by a human refusing to move away, really increased the volume. The sasquatch threat sequence as described by numerous witnesses also may include swaying, grimacing, direct staring, breaking vegetation, throwing branches or rocks at the offending person or animal, running back and forth concealed in the bush while breaking saplings or loudly beating on or pushing over trees, and loud screaming. Just as

gorillas have been known to finish with a charge which is usually a bluff, so too are there a few similar reports of sasquatches (or very similar hair-covered hominids) doing this as well, sometimes running up close and away again repeated times. If one were to go through all the databases for eastern and western hominid reports, it would appear that this repeat charging is not so commonly reported in the Pacific Northwest, but picking up and shaking the backs of cars is…then again many southern U.S. and eastern U.S. reports also describe varieties of hair-covered hominids that sometimes differ from the "typical" (if there is such a thing) Pacific Northwest sasquatch. *(I'm not suggesting that sasquatches looking down by night on Puget Sound or the coast of British Columbia are all laid-back, mushroom-eating beachcombers and that the stressed-out, jammed-into-a woodlot, eastern Bigfeet are getting twitchy watching all the hunters, birdwatchers, boy-scouts and school hikers thronging through their woods each weekend, just that there may be such behavioral differences between varieties or species. Then again perhaps such testy behavior can all be put down to having a 'wild hair' or a 'bad hair day.*

Subject: Re: Recap from September Meeting- Oregon Screenwriters
Date: Sat, 30 Oct 2004 03:16:59 -0700
From: "R. Dye" <r777dye@hotmail.com>
To: <dronyak@juno.com>

Hi Danny,
It's always great to have news coming or going these trying days. That's sounds interesting about the starting of the film festival. Was it Fredrick who brought this up.
Was impress and spun my chair around when you spoke of going to the Bigfoot meeting tonight. Here was my experience in Northern California not far off the Oregon border to get to the site where there are gold claims on the river and off a private road, an isolated part of the wilderness we took our grandchild who saw something moving. My wife and I were hunting rocks and I found a piece of jade stuck in the middle of the muddy like road that day. I took the rock out and put it on the right side as I walk down the hill and around the corner and got into my 1990 Chevrolet mini van. It was a very hot day, and the radiator was too hot to go up that hill. I finally made it back up the hill part way with the truck and got up to pick up the jade and it was gone and replaced where I found it. I accused my wife picking it up and she denied it. We later found big foot prints and took pictures of it. We called someone from the BLM land development and they wanted to see the pictures. We didn't send them. The child has grown up as a teenager now and hasn't been the same since, so I am more than a believer as we been to Canada where it seems there are more big foot sightings known as you say called sasquatch sightings. It was scary.. Now to blow your mind maybe forever for the scary part of my story. There was a movie made about this hairy creature of the night in Folk, Arkansas. We cross a bridge and something crash and hit my radiator on the 1973 Cadillac. I got out and my radiator was leaking. A car traveling from the opposite direction turn around and told us to get out of there and follow him and we did. We found out that not only a movie was made that this creature was still existing in that part of the country and it wasn't called big foot but something else, almost like the thing, but we got the radiator plugged up and it couldn't be repaired. Imagine from no where a rock comes flying to your vehicle and there is no cars coming and you see nothing! Doesn't that blow your mind. I never will forget it. I believe the movie was called something about the Legend of foggy creek. We cross the creek and bam, our car was hit like a ton of bricks. what an experience. We got to California and had the radiator repaired. I didn't realize people cared so much about our life. How about that one to tell your people tonight. This was back in 1973 when the car was brand new. So, the movie The legend of Foggy creek is true. I experienced it full force.

Theata I. Crowe, 66, collector, sports fan

Theata Iona Crowe, 66, Hillsboro, died Sept. 21, 2004, at her home after a battle with cancer.

Funeral services were Saturday afternoon at Donelson, Sewell and Mathews Mortuary. Interment was Monday in Willamette National Cemetery in Portland.

Crowe

Mrs. Crowe was born Nov. 22, 1937, in Verdon, Neb., a daughter of Frank and Blanche Clark Cochran. The family moved several times before settling in McMinnville in 1950. Both her parents died before she reached high school age and she moved to Vancouver, Wash., to continue her education and to live with an aunt.

She worked at the Nabisco plant in Portland and later for United Airlines at Portland International Airport. She also worked at the Carnation Cannery in Hillsboro for many years.

On Sept. 13, 1974, she married Charles Raymond Crowe. They moved to Seaside, where she worked at the Fort Crowe Antique Store, specializing in depression glass. They returned to Hillsboro in 1980 and she worked at Rose City Paper Box in Portland.

Mrs. Crowe was a member of the Machinist and Boiler Maker Union. She was politically inclined and spoke her mind about the things that were going on in the world.

She enjoyed collecting butterflies, rocks and fossils. She spent time on the trail of Bigfoot.

Mrs. Crowe also was an avid sports fan and traveled from one event to the next with her children and grandchildren, including to Italy to watch a granddaughter compete in track and field.

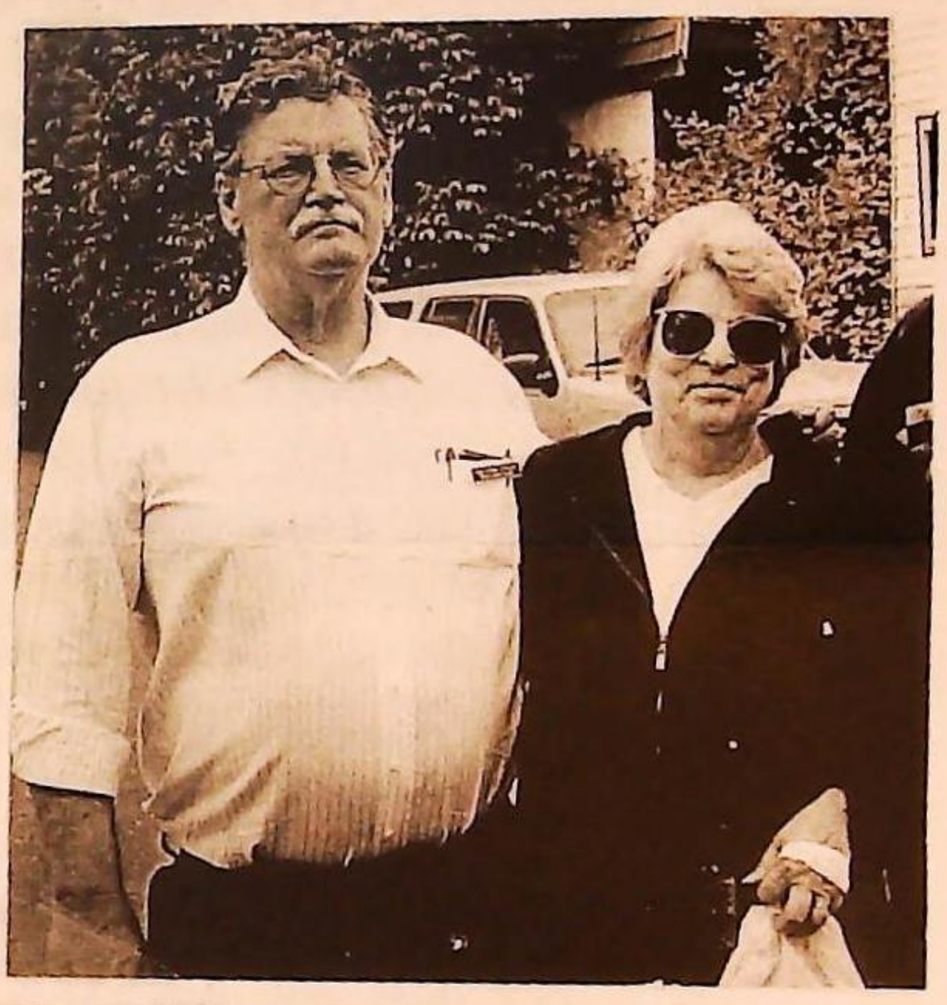
She also staged an Easter party every year, and enjoyed horse shows, collecting spoons, people and family activities.

Survivors include her husband, Ray Crowe, Hillsboro; a son, Erle Bret Schucker, Reno, Nev.; two daughters and sons-in-law, Erin and Robert Webb, Dundee, and Korrie and Willis Brock, Hillsboro; a step-daughter and her husband, Cynthia and Tim Harrison, Hillsboro; and seven grandchildren, Mallory and Haley Webb, Cody and McKenzie Brock, and Josh, John and Matthew Schatz.

Also surviving are three brothers, Esty Cochran, El Sobrante, Calif., Kaleb Cochran, Verdon, Nev., and Calvin Cochran, Schubet, Neb.; and three sisters, Ivern Faulk, Vacaville, Calif., Lorretta Yates, Rockaway Beach, Mo., and Maureen Newsome, Sioux City, Iowa.

Memorial contributions are suggested to a fund at any Washington Mutual Bank.

Donelson, Sewell and Mathews Mortuary was in charge of arrangements.



17.

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Date: Wed, 20 Oct 2004 16:03:53 -0700 (PDT)
Attachment(s): Lines of Writing.jpg (367K),Pyramid.jpg (73K).

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Good Afternoon Mr. Crowe:

For over a decade I have been researching an unusual native legend [spare] time. In brief, the legend describes a [gateway] to [god] more updated terms a [portal] to the [star of origin].
After several years of searching I did unearth one petroglyph that unusual to say the least. I have attached two photos for your revi consideration. One; lines of writing is being reviewed by an ancie script linguist - the linguist does strongly suggest that this is a previously unidentified combination of Pheonician and Sumerian scri Two; triangle - speculation by any archaeoastronamer - possibe constellation map.
The are where the petroglyphs were located is know for Sasquatch ac Local native legend suggest that the Sasquatch is the [gatekeeper] [portal] and is also a [shapeshifter].
My most recent venture into the area last week was significant in t that there were several sets of [unusual foot prints] and single t were [knocked over] and others that had their tops [twisted off].
If possible could you please comment on the petroglyphs and their p connection to Sasquatch and/or alien influence. Please keep in mi this type of research is only a hobby of mine and not directly rel my profession endeavours.
Thank you for your time and consideration.

sincerely,

R.W.(Rob)Nicholson - R.W.Nicholson & Associates.
www.rwnicholson

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Lines of Writing.jpg

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